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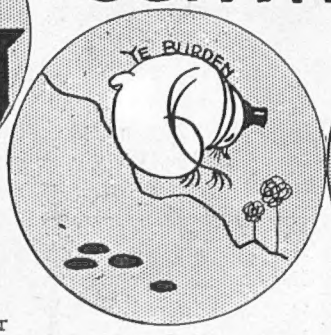
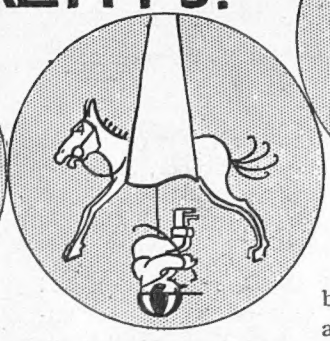
BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

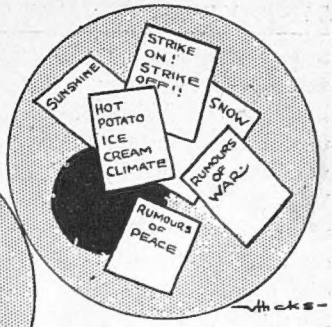
The stars this week inform us we are rather short of coal



And the cost of living's falling, *tell the wife.*



Racing is suspended and we've other *miner troubles*



By Victor Hicks

But variety remains—the spice of life

Justifiable Precautions

It is all very well for Mr. Clynes to protest, as he did in the House of Commons last week, against the preparations of the Government, in view of the threatened general strike, as being "provocative," "as unnecessary as they were unprecedented," and influenced by a desire "for military and aggressive action against large masses of the working classes." But Mr. Clynes and his friends must remember that it was the strike party who first put the words "civil war" and "revolution" into our mouths and thoughts. It was they who, in the House of Commons a couple of years ago, admitted or even boasted that their action was an attack on the Constitution of the Realm. Things have come to a pretty bad pass as it is, but the British Constitution is not going to be smashed without something of a struggle on the part of the Constitutionalists.

"Back to the Army Again"

The threatened strike was practically a declaration of war upon the majority of the population of Great Britain by "large masses of the working classes," as Mr. Clynes calls them. Naturally, and in a perfectly constitutional manner, the majority took steps for their own defence. "The large masses," who were not quite so large after all, perhaps, as had been thought, were doubtless duly impressed by those steps—58,000 men of the Reserve joined the Colours, "practically every man answered the call," in the words of Sir L. Worthington Evans, and 75,000 men answered the appeal for men for the Defence Force. They answered so quickly that it was difficult to handle them, and if recruiting had not been stopped after 75,000 men had been accepted, there is no doubt but that a really great army would have been called into being.

"Triple Alliance . . . Failed Miserably"

I quote the following frank comments from a paper called the *Communist*, the aim of which is definitely revolutionary:—"The disaster that we feared has overtaken the Labour Movement. That it is disaster is agreed on every side. Faced with the most tremendous conflict of its history, the whole movement has collapsed without a struggle." . . . "The Triple Alliance has failed miserably. We hear on all hands it is dead." What this really means is that the few revolutionary Communists have found out that the British working-man is neither Communist nor revolutionary. It will be well for all when he realises that he has outgrown what Trades Unionism is to-day and can be, if he wills it, the greatest Constitutional force in the country. But so long as he is content to remain, in any considerable numbers, the dupe of a comparatively few revolutionaries, often aliens, subsidised by aliens, he must not wonder if we take steps to protect ourselves, our families, and our country in face of open threats against our very existence.

THE EMPTY DISH By W. E. Wigfull

Justice: "But where are the war criminals?"
Germania: "Ach! Himmel! I must them have dropped!"

Germany's Wealth

I hope we are really going to make Germany pay that £600,000,000. There is obviously a great deal of it in sight. If Herr Stinnes were taxed like our own multi-millionaires, it would help a bit. The ex-Kaiser is immensely wealthy, but beyond a decent living income he owes every penny and every acre to the German people to help them in paying their just debts. Then consider that delightful German lady, Countess Ella Schlieffen, who, with her two sons, could afford £10,000 to hire

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

assassins to kill her cousins that she might come into the title and estates worth £3,000,000. Her cheerful little plot was betrayed at the last moment, but in this, and many other stories, we hear, incidentally, of vast riches owned by Germans. The winners of the War have converted a great and prosperous class into a poor one. The very rich German does not seem to have been tapped to anything like the extent due, even for the benefit of his own poor, let alone for the payment of his country's debts.

Judges' Justifiable Grumble

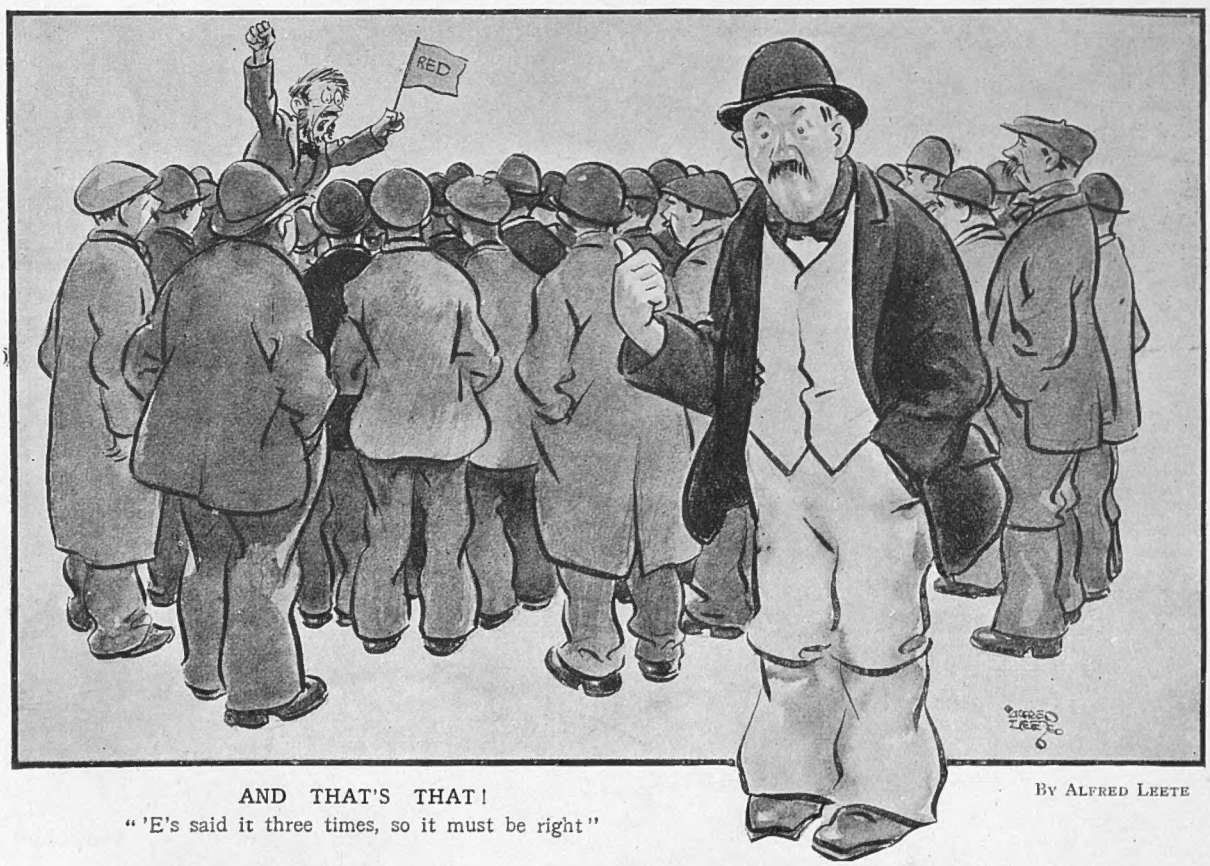
WHEN one thinks of the War bonuses and increased salaries of well-paid and rather unimportant civil servants, and of the money still being wasted on unnecessary clerks and typists in various ministries, it is hardly surprising to hear that the High Court judges are complaining of their position. At £5,000 a year each they have probably been the cheapest and most efficient servants the State employs. They have thrown up far larger incomes to accept their office, but the honour and dignity it confers have been taken as compensation for this. With present money values and taxation, however, £5,000 a year seems very inadequate pay for such men. They are working harder than ever, and it hardly seems an economical method of relieving them to put the Lord Chancellor, a £10,000 a year man, to do the work of one of them. Another judge or two and increased salaries could probably be provided by means of a little combing in Whitehall.

Mr. Wells's World State

MR. H. G. WELLS'S articles in the *Sunday Times* have suggested a world State founded upon unity of aims and ideas. He seems to think that the present boundaries that divide the world into separate and frequently warring peoples should be no insuperable difficulty to a United States of the World. It is strange how these boundaries and divisions have persisted through the ages. To-day we are even establishing more. Professor Arthur Keith, in his lectures at the Royal Institution on "Darwin's Theory of Man's Origin," suggests another method by which Mr. Wells's object may be attained. It is conceivable, he says, that the whole world may become Anglo-Saxon. This is flattering to our vanity. Let Mr. Wells try to help on the spreading of the Briton all over the world. In Professor Keith's words, "John Bull takes his wife with him" when he emigrates. Other peoples, as the Spanish when they went to America, leave their wives at home. It is a great idea, the whole world an Anglo-Saxon State—with Ireland, perhaps, standing out on its own.

A Propos de Baths

M. HUGUES LE ROUX, of the French Senate, has been discussing the question of baths in France. I have travelled in many parts of France where the subject might be dismissed in the words of the famous chapter on "Snakes in Ireland." But in many English homes, if all one hears and reads is true, the bath is only used for the storage of coal—in happier days than these, of course, when many a bath must be coalless. I have even heard that there was only one bath in Windsor Castle until King Edward VII came to the Throne. But the Senator has no use for the English bath. He has evidently been misled by some of those mendacious Britons who pretend that they, and the rest of us, take a cold tub every morning, which is why we are the people "most afflicted with catarrh and other pulmonary



AND THAT'S THAT!
"'E's said it three times, so it must be right"

By Alfred Leete

TERRIBLE DEPRESSION OF ETONIANS

By E. T. Reed

On learning that the authorities of Eton College are reluctantly compelled to lengthen the holidays owing to the shortage of coal. A "Cimmerian gloom" (whatever that may mean) would appear to have settled down upon them since this disturbance in their cherished curriculum

and nasal afflictions." The Senator suggests importing American plumbers and marrying them to French cooks, thus insuring a breed that would make the fortune of French hotels. But every people has the baths it wants—or even more, very often.

The Silhouette Revival

One of the latest art hobbies—an old one—is the revival of the silhouette. You will see some very clever examples of it in the Chester Gallery, the work of Miss Esther B. Mackinnon, the younger sister of Miss Lilias Mackinnon, the Scriabine interpreter. Miss Mackinnon cuts out her silhouettes on the instant, just as Edouart used to do. Indeed, Mrs. Nevill Jackson's resurrection of Edouart in the fascinating volume recently published at the Bodley Head, has probably much to do with the revival of the art. It is interesting that Miss Mackinnon has been practising her art at Bath where Edouart made some of his best pictures. Of course, you know that the word "silhouette" is derived from Etienne de Silhouette, who was Finance Minister to Louis XV. But the art was really known to the Romans.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD SOMERS MARRIED

Lord Somers, D.S.O., 1st Life Guards, and Miss Finola Meeking, stepdaughter of Mr. Herbert Johnson, High Sheriff of Hampshire, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week

Photograph *Bassano*

THE MARQUIS DE BEAUPRÉ

And his bride, Miss Phyllis Anderson, after their wedding, which took place at St. James's, Piccadilly

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Marriages and Giving in Marriage

THREE marriages of unusual importance have taken place in one week. First, my Lord Stanhope, who, as I said a little time ago, had come to be regarded as a bachelor for ever and ever, and Lady Eileen Browne; then Lord Somers and Miss Finola Meeking, and the next day, again, my Lord Dalkeith and Miss Molly Lascelles. The King and Queen presented the two latter bridegrooms with diamond sleeve links. Queen Alexandra gave Lord Somers sleeve links also. These two bridegrooms exchanged presents, Lord Somers sending the heir to the Dukedom of Buccleuch a book on birds of the British Isles.

A Sovereign as a Rarity

THE new Lady Somers had two unusual presents. One was a golden sovereign, dated 1914, and the other a pair of silk stockings from the Exhibition of 1851. It is odd to reflect that these stockings once reposed under the glass roof of the present Crystal Palace which was originally built in Hyde Park by Sir Joseph Paxton, formerly gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, to house the Exhibition. Lord and Lady Stanhope are spending their honeymoon on the Italian lakes, Lord and Lady Somers go to Hever Castle, the princely abode in Kent created by the late Lord Astor out of the old home of Queen Anne Boleyn.

Mr. Strachey's Queen Victoria Book

I HEAR that the strongest disapproval, not to say wrath, has been kindled in exalted quarters by Mr. Strachey's book on Queen Victoria, and that the passage which has given the greatest offence is a quotation from a diary kept by Lady Lyttleton, which has only been in private circulation. The quotation refers to Queen Victoria's childhood. "The child herself was extremely fat . . . '*C'est le roi Georges en jupons*,' as the little creature *waddled* with difficulty from one to the other." But lots of babies waddle.

Myself, I thought after reading the book that Mr. Strachey had started out to be cynical and clever, and unconsciously had been dominated by the personality of his subject. The sheer goodness, directness, and simplicity of the great Queen shivered all his lances and barbs. His book is really a more valuable tribute to her memory and her reign than whole libraries of flattery.

The Czecho-Slovak Legation

THE party given by the Czecho-Slovakian Minister and Madame Mastny was a brilliant

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Watching the Public Schools' Athletic Championships at Stamford Bridge. No fewer than sixty schools were represented at this meeting and the Prince's presence contributed largely to the life and enthusiasm of the gathering

Photograph *Yevonde*

MISS BETTY SELBY LOWNDES

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Selby Lowndes of Mursley Grange, Winslow, Bucks. She is engaged to Col. Frederick Minchin, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., the second son of General Minchin

Photograph *Lafayette*

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE

Miss Hilda Vivian Butler, younger daughter of the Hon. Henry Cavendish Butler, whose marriage to Mr. John William Henry Berkeley Younger takes place next Saturday, the 30th

opening of their reign in Grosvenor Place. The white and gold rooms were as gay with lights and flowers, as sparkling with diamonds and orders as any scene in a novel. Everybody of the *monde* was there—the Corps Diplomatique, law, art, and the drama, and the beautiful butterflies who still adorn our much abused "Society." There were handsome dresses, gorgeous jewels, and all that pre-War atmosphere of the reception diplomatic—dignity and circumstance.

Photograph *Photo Press*

THE DALKEITH-LASCELLES WEDDING

The marriage between the Earl of Dalkeith and Miss Mollie Lascelles took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last Thursday. The Prince of Wales, with his brothers, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, were among the guests

The Sevcik Quartette

I WOULD commend the programme of music to all hostesses. The Sevcik Quartette played three pieces only. But their playing was not used as a distraction for conversation. It was a brief concert to which everybody listened as such music and such talent should be listened to—sitting down like well-brought-up Christians, and in silence.

When the little concert was over everybody streamed into the outer drawing-room, all gay with rambler roses, and talked. There was such a gathering of folks interested in Czecho-Slovakia and

AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE

Major A. H. Carr, R.A.F., and his bride, Mrs. J. C. Simpson, leaving St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, after the wedding ceremony The bride is the youngest of the seven attractive daughters of Georgina, Lady Belhaven, and a sister of May, Lady Hemphill and Lady Napier of Ettrick

Photograph *British Illustrations*

NAVAL WEDDING

The marriage of Lieut. W. H. Taylor Young, R.N., and Miss Violet Chalmer Rouse took place recently at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street

Photograph *L.E.A.*

LADY NEWBERRY
At one of the recent race meetings at Longchamp

the Nearer East that one man remarked it reminded him of a mess-night at Salonika.

The "Proud" Hapsburgs

THE Austrians have dealt more drastically with their former rulers and the offshoots of the ruling family than the Germans. Not only has the former appanage from the imperial treasury been stopped, but all the private property of the many Archdukes and Archduchesses has been taken also.

This sounds scarcely fair. In the case of the Archduke Eugen it is especially hard. He was a great book lover and had collected a fine library. Only by the intercession of an English officer was he allowed to take a few volumes—the rest have been annexed.

The Archduke, who was the best of the whole bunch, is now living in a little hotel in a Swiss town, and is so poor that he does not take coffee after his lunch and dinner. The money thus saved represents his daily tip. The old Emperor's granddaughter, Princess Windisgrätz, whose matrimonial affairs have been a scandal in the newspapers, escaped the fate of all her imperial relations. Prince Windisgrätz was not a royal or imperial person, consequently she misses the ban and is allowed to remain in her castle. But if she succeeds in divorcing him, she will revert to her imperial rank, and so come under the shearing process.

Some of the many former Archdukes and Archduchesses are so

Photograph *Central News*

LAST MEET OF THE AVON VALE AT LACKHAM
Lord Glanely (second from left) chatting with Mr. Howard Bell, the oldest member of the Hunt, at the last meet of the season. Lady Glanely can be seen next to her husband

Photograph **EX-KAISERIN'S FUNERAL AT POTSDAM** *[Topical Press*

Surrounded by the pomp of militarism, the ex-Empress was buried midst surroundings that must have gladdened every German Royalist's heart. Leading the funeral procession can be seen Prince Eitel Frederick, with the ex-Crown Princess. Behind them are Prince Oscar (left), Prince Adalbert, wearing Admiral's uniform (centre), and Prince August Wilhelm

Photograph A PRIMROSE PILGRIMAGE *G.P.U.*

In memory of the Earl of Beaconsfield, many notable people journeyed to Hughenden Manor, Bucks., the one-time residence of this great statesman. The group includes Major Coningsby Disraeli, Mrs. Disraeli, Colonel Du Pree, M.P., Mrs. Du Pree, Sir William Brunton, Mrs. Austin Chamberlain in the centre, the Dowager Countess of Jersey and Sir Frederick Milner

poor that they have not sufficient to eat.

Forced Economy

THE coal strike and all the consequent difficulty and unrest has had a very modifying effect on people's plans. A great many entertainments have been abandoned, not so much on the score of the general uncertainty, but on account of pence. It is not only coal-owners who are hit. A large number of people who entertain have big interest in manufactures, and with the factories closing down one after the other, extra expenditure has to be cut.

In more than one house dust sheets, this season, will take the place in drawing-rooms of beauty clothed in shimmering adornment, and in place of festive dinners there will be only the gleam of the caretaker's electric torch as she makes her evening round.

Photograph] CHRISTENING OF LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY'S BABY *[Photo Press*

After the ceremony at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, a reception was held at Earl Curzon's house in Carlton House Terrace. Reading from left to right, top row, the group includes: Mr. Oswald Mosley, M.P., Miss Marcella Duggan, and her two brothers; bottom row, Lady Mosley holding her baby, Lady Curzon, Lady Irene Curzon and Lady Alexandra Curzon

On The Riviera

WE now move about on the Riviera. A night at St. Raphael makes a delightful change, and the hotels, while not gay, being all of the "serious" order, are crowded still, and here, in sheltered charm, real *hivernants* waste time goldenly. It is much nearer the ideal winter resort than artificial pleasure haunts of the larger centres. These quieter, more exclusive villages serve as after-cures when the tables have done their worst for players at Nice and Cannes, and here the observant finds many who are drinking the medicinal waters of regret for a fortnight prior to returning to the expense of the London and Paris seasons.

ANOTHER day we go an outing to Aix—sweet Aix-en-Provence, where once the poets were the kings. There one feels the subtle, gentle presence of the aristocrat, for, though sear and yellow, Aix is by blood the noblest town in France, for more numerously than in any other do the families of the old *régime* survive there, and what the Faubourg once was to Paris this Aix is to France. In its grey, green-tree-ed streets one feels this ancient glory, and its moss-clung fountains sing of it.

WE can take our old names and great families as seriously as we like, their prestige scarcely thrills the learned and well-read like those of this land. It is our habit to scorn somewhat the titles of the Continent when they occur in London town; but our prejudice towards them is as nothing compared with the damning unconcern with which a Frenchman of an exclusive neighbourhood like Aix withers one's mention of our own exalted and titular; nor is his ignorance of them due to insularity, but much of his disdain is the result of having seen a few at Cannes. And the eagerness of those few at Cannes is never satisfied, for those doors at Aix, so exquisitely sixteenth century in design, are just as *fermé* to the foreign noble as they are beautiful in carving, *grille*, and stone.

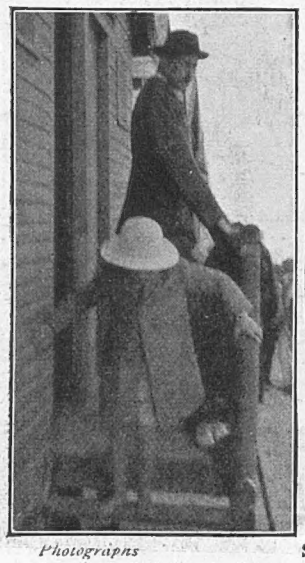
LUEULA MELUIS

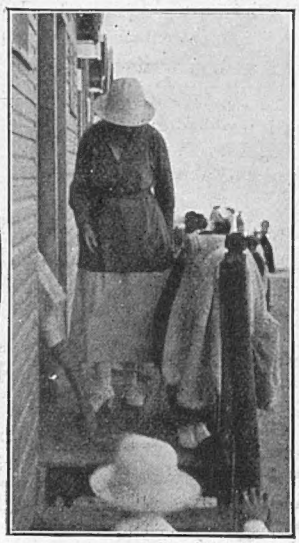
Considered by French musical critics as the greatest soprano of the day. Her appearance under Reynaldo Halm at Cannes caused a big sensation

CANNES is already a sleepy borough. There are events, but for the most part visitors are holding on till the last of April merely because it is the fashion to do so. The polo was a great success, but it is well over, with all sorts of promises from the "cracks" to come again next year. There was a last battle of flowers, and because flowers are more plentiful it was the best of all these over-done functions, and the Croisette was garlanded with floral autos and carriages. Lord and Lady Fitz-Herbert are late arrivals. Sir Frederick and Lady Orr-Lewis have left for Whitewebber Park. Sir Delves and Lady Broughton have been their guests at the Villa Beaulieu. Lord Cheylesmore is still at the Villa St. Priest, where the Hon. Herbert and Mrs. Herbert Eaton have been staying with him.

SIR ERNEST CASSELL has returned home. He and Sir Frederick Treves, so often together on mountain jaunts, have been quite the youngest lads on the Riviera, where one is only so old as the years he has yet to live. Sir Ernest has been the most princely of entertainers all the season. Lunching with him at the Paris for a farewell were Lord and Lady Mar, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith Horn, and Major and Mrs. Pollitt. The Earl of Mar at eighty-five is also one of the most active and gracious hosts.

I'VE just come into the Carlton for a cocktail—after seeing Suzanne beat Mrs. Satterthwaite in the Open Women's Singles Final, winning the Ruhl Cup, worth 1,000frs. Lenglen is making tennis dull. One must cocktail nowadays to endure it.





Photographs **SNAPSHOTS FROM SOUTH AFRICA** *Rowland Hill*

Prince Arthur of Connaught is a most popular Governor-General in South Africa, and the above snapshots taken at Muizenberg show him with his little son, the Earl of Macduff, standing outside a bathing hut. Our photographer managed to lure the young earl away from building sand castles in order to give him an exclusive pose. Princess Arthur can be seen on the right: it would seem she has not the same views about photography as her son

A Charming Group

Photograph *Bassano*

LADY MARJORIE BECKETT

With her two sons, the Earl of Feversham and the Hon. David Duncombe. She recently left England with the Earl of Feversham to join her daughter, Lady Diana Duncombe, on the Continent. Her first husband, the second Earl of Feversham, was killed in the War, and she married Captain the Hon. Gervase Beckett, M.P., in 1917

POOR FRANCE!

By Elsa Courlander

Modern Child: "Mummie, can I translate 'Régardez, Monsieur' with 'Look here, Old Bean'?"

Truths and Trifles

COAL AND CARBONICS

Once upon a time Coal was a Commodity closely connected with Cooking and Comfort.

Nowadays it is a Carbonic Conundrum for Class and Communist Contention.

* * * *

Carbonics are the volumes of useless gases expended in talk about Coal.

* * * *

It is no great use talking of loving folks unless your living makes their lives lighter.

All we ask of the Miners is to prove their Brotherly Love for us by assuring the continuance of our Gas and Electricity.

* * * *

Of course, we know of times when Darkness is a very welcome Cloak.

The Cinema has proved that beyond a doubt.

But if there is no light to show the love-affair on the Screen, there will be no shade for the love-affair in the Stalls.

Our Girls cannot be expected to stand for that.

By Fred Buchanan

FOR SMALL MERCIES . . .

This Old World: "Well, thank goodness, you're going to leave me alone!"

(It is "officially" announced that Pons Winnecke, after all, will not hit the Earth)

Why should Coal Demagogues try to disturb the Peace?

Every man ought to be willing to leave the World a few unsolved problems when he goes under.

The Dogs who do all the growling about the Coal bone don't even go under.

* * * *

Many a man builds a bad reputation upon the ruins of a good character.

The Coal Reform Agitator may not even have started with the Good Character.

* * * *

A Turkish Bath is a useful thing to bring out a lot of the Blackness that is in people.

A course of Baths in the nearest horsepond might not do any harm to those who talk Coal instead of working it. "Celt"

HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

This, my friends, is a World of Cynics and Unbelievers.

You don't believe it? Well, what do you say when a couple of people tell you they have been married for a dozen years or more and still love each other? Either you say, with a

(Continued on page 208)

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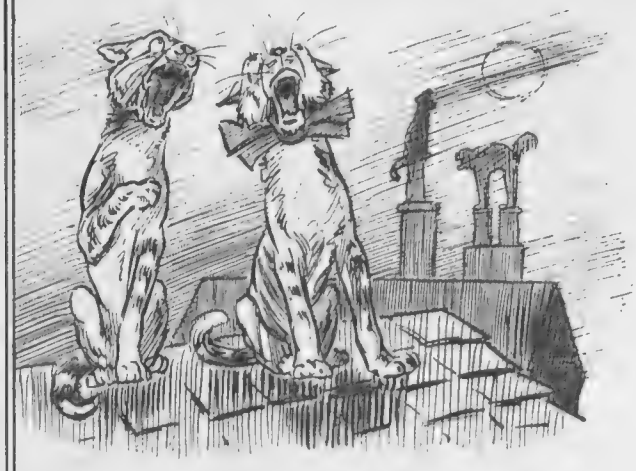
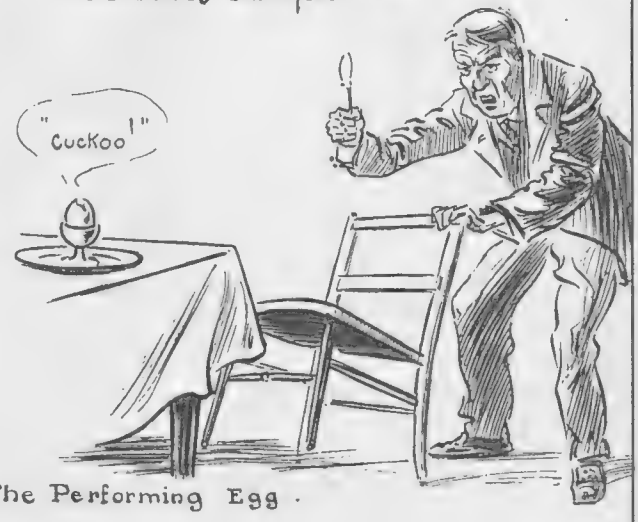
The Prohibition of Performing Pests



The Roof-Concert.

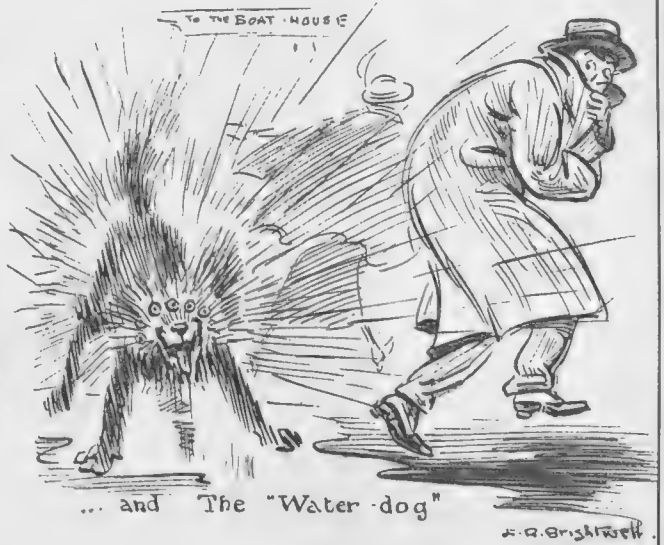
The Merry Mosquito.

The "Also-ran"



The Performing Egg.

The Sportive Conger.



... and The "Water-dog"

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Some animal performers we should like to see included under the shortly-to-be-enforced "Performing Animals Prohibition Act"

STRAFE AM RHEIN!

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THE "Allies March Offensive," or "Week-Ends à l'Anglaise in Düsseldorf," as sarcastic and disgruntled Germans write, has given rise to a lot of more or less authentic stories. Düsseldorf is, of course, renowned—in Germany—as an artistic centre. It was with great pride that a local connoisseur, whose art is as new as the wealth which makes him an art patron, received a visit from an Allied officer some three weeks after the occupation.

"MIGHT I be allowed to see over your house?" he asked the magnate politely. Flushed either with pride at his world-wide fame, or his second breakfast, the latter took the caller from cellar to garret, proudly displaying the monstrosities of Munich, the perversities of Prague, and the vulgarities of Vienna as evidences of Düsseldorfer Kultur. The officer duly approved of every room shown him, as well as of the excellent glass of wine pressed on him after the tour of inspection. Rising to take his leave, he thanked his host for his courtesy, adding, "We shall do our best to disturb you as little as possible." "To disturb me?" queried the magnate, puzzled and a little anxious. "Yes—surely you knew—I came to see if the first two floors would suit us for a mess and billets, and they will, admirably—if you would be good enough to remove the pictures and statuary!"

ALLIED uniforms are no such strange sight to the Düsseldorfers, who for two years have been separated only by a bridge from occupied territory. Many of them have picked up a little French and English, that comes in very useful now. But allowing for this, one is a little sceptical of the story that the British tanks were greeted, on arrival, by a small crowd of Düsseldorf urchins singing:

"Here ve are, here ve are, here ve are again!"

By H. L. OAKLEY

"Proudly displaying the vulgarities of Vienna"

THE population in general has certainly not shown such approval of our latest activities, either in occupied or "invaded" Germany. While military folk say that easy friendliness has been replaced by a nervous politeness and anxiety to oblige, the mere civilian finds the former attitude supplanted by a distinct hostility. Rather significantly, this is most evident amongst a class formerly extremely easy to get on with—the long-suffering middle-class, particularly their women and children. Berlin seems to have hired the famous "Parrot" of Tariff Reform *versus* Free Trade days, who is repeating his old text with tireless energy into the Rhinelander's ears, "Your food will cost you more."

ONE section of the Rhenish population, at least, calls down blessings on the head of "Herr Lloytshorch"—the lucky owner of a cottage or farmhouse situated on the bridgehead line. "The good old times of the blockade of 1919," said one of them in a Cologne café recently, "are coming back again. Already I have cleared the cellar to make room for the goods this customs-tariff of years will bring me to be slipped over the border." Asked if he was not afraid of detection by our troops, he winked. "In 1919 you had several hundred thousand soldiers here to enforce the blockade, and you never caught me. Now you have a paltry couple of brigades."

ERIC GORDON

By H. L. OAKLEY

"A cottage or farmhouse situated on the bridgehead line"

The Start of the Polo Season

A CHILLY "WELCOME" TO THE AMERICAN PLAYERS

PRACTISING FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST

The American Polo Team, who have only recently arrived in England, changing ponies in a practice game at Sunbury.

Photographs] **THE AMERICANS AT SUNBURY** *[W. A. Rouch*

Conditions were none too favourable for polo practice last week, but the American players apparently braved the elements. Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, sitting at the wheel, is with Mr. Colt. Standing in front, from left to right, are Mr. S. T. Hitchcock, Mr. C. C. Rumsey, and Mr. Watson Webb

"Bubbles," By George, Not Millais

BY VICTOR HICKS

A BOISTEROUS BLOWER

A delicate dish that figures conspicuously on the "Robey en Casserole" menu. The inimitable George blowing bubbles of brightness and raising smiles of joy at the restaurant d'Alhambra

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT

AT ST MARTIN'S

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

IT is not easy to decide all at once which is the more deserving of praise, the play or the players. Both certainly reach an unusually high level of excellence. Perhaps it may be said that if the play had not been so perfectly acted it would hardly have appeared to the great advantage that now distinguishes it. It is a nice, controversial sort of play, and there will doubtless be two opinions as to the propriety of the ending. We are asked to suppose that the recommendation that wives should be permitted to divorce insane husbands has become law; and we are then shown the effect of the law about ten years hence. A feature of the play is that while the action is supposed to pass in 1932, the ladies are wearing 1921 frocks. But I don't suppose it will be as bad as that, do you? The actual fact is, no doubt, that even the most imaginative fashion designers shrank from suggesting the kind of frock that will be worn in 1932, since, at the present rate of shrinkage at both ends, frocks may travel far in eleven years.

THE law being taken as read, we next come to the awful example. It is Christmas Day in the morning. Margaret Fairfield is one of the wives who have sought the protection of the new law. Her husband has been in an asylum for fifteen years as the result of shell-shock supervening on a hereditary tendency to insanity. And as Margaret is now free, she has encouraged the attentions of Gray Meredith (Mr. C. Aubrey Smith) with such success that the two are to be married on New Year's day. While Margaret and her new love are out, the old love turns up. His sanity has come back to him all at once, so much so, indeed, that he is able to hire a taxi to take him from the asylum to his home without having the means to pay his fare, and you want your wits about you to be able to do that sort of thing these times! The only person he can find in the house is his seventeen-year-old daughter, Sydney, who has no difficulty in recognising him after he has explained to her joyously that he has just escaped from the asylum, and is very glad to be home again.

MEGGIE ALBANESI AS SYDNEY FAIRFIELD

SYDNEY is a part played with extraordinary ability by Miss Meggie Albanesi. She has to suggest gradually that she is the daughter of a man subject to fits of lunacy, and, therefore, herself tainted with the same curse. Her mother, with the fear of heredity always before her, tells the girl that she has an unfortunate way of raising her voice unnecessarily, and of getting excited over trifles; and Sydney at once understands the catastrophe to which such conduct will

(Continued on page 210)

"A Marriage Has

Between Miss Sadie Canall, of Chicago, and

Been Arranged"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

Lord Barrenacres, of Entail, etc., etc., etc.

lead her if she does not take greater pains to control herself.

In the first half of the play, Sydney, with her pretty fun and mordant wit, keeps the house in sustained laughter; but as the shadow that is upon her grows weightier, she becomes serious, and even morose; while, at the fall of the curtain, her passionate appeal to her father, with real tears streaming down her cheeks, is simply adjectival. You can choose your own adjective provided that it is nicely complimentary and absolutely superlative. I do not think I have ever before seen acting so poignant and so terribly convincing.

Hilary Fairfield, the returned husband, does not, of course, realise the state of affairs all at once. He knows nothing of the new Act of Parliament, and when he greets his wife he takes it for granted that their relationship is unchanged. He looks forward cheerfully to lunch and dinner and — breakfast in the morning. By degrees his unhappy position is pointed out to him. He is no longer his wife's husband, and if she were to take him back on conjugal terms, they would first of all have to be re-married or they would be living in sin — surely the *reductio ad absurdum* of the marriage laws. But Margaret does not want her old husband back; and gently and hesitatingly she tells him why. She has arranged to marry someone else. Hilary, in his imperfect comprehension of the strange announcement, turns appealingly to his newly-found daughter, Sydney. She at least will be on his side, he feels sure. And in due course, with a wisdom beyond her years, Sydney straightens out the tangle in the light of the tragic but inexorable facts.

But before that point is reached Hilary makes a powerful appeal to Margaret to take him back. He hugs her, and weeps over her, and falls on his knees at her feet, and makes such a desperately piteous call on her mercy that her resolution breaks down, and she yields to his entreaties. Life will in future be black and hopeless for her, but she could not harden her heart sufficiently to abandon this broken man. This scene is finely and most strenuously played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Mr. Malcolm Keen.

The casuists will have a fine, fighting time debating the question. Should Margaret have sent her former husband away, or should she have taken him to her heart again with the prospect of bringing into the world yet more tainted children? What she actually does end in doing you will see for yourselves, because this is a play that everybody will be going to see.

Aunt Hester, a deliciously ridiculous old maid (played by Miss Agnes Thomas), has no doubt as to the proper course that ought to be pursued. She is a strong and rather bigoted churchwoman, and

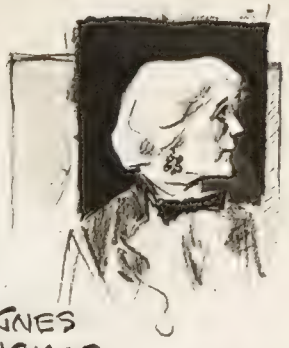
she has one clinching solution to the question, which is to quote the text about putting asunder those who have been joined

together in holy matrimony. I noted as a rather curious sign of the times that all the laughs at the expense of the Church and its narrow dogma were both spontaneous and hearty. It is not for me to express an opinion on the matter. I merely record the fact.

SYDNEY is practically engaged to a bright young man who writes illuminating papers on Eugenics in his spare time. But now that she has learned that her father's illness was not altogether due to shell-shock, but partly to inherited disease, she acts bravely and promptly. Her original idea had been to marry and have four (or was it six?) children; but now there must be an end to pious aspirations of the kind. She therefore deliberately, and with a nice calculation, picks a quarrel with the young man so that he is justified in parting from her for ever. Both the writing and the acting of this scene are agreeably apt.

SYDNEY accomplishes her purpose without making the scene in any way obtrusively emotional, but throughout there is something more than a hint of what it is costing her; and the conclusion is reached with a cold and almost mathematical precision.

THEN, having put her own house in order, she takes her mother's future in hand, and deals with it in a quiet, business-like way that is at least logical if nothing else. And they used to say that ladies and logic could never agree! The moral of the play would seem to be that if people with hereditary flaws are not segregated, they ought to be. I fancy the strictly orthodox hold a different opinion; and though I should dearly love to put forward here at great length my own personal views on this burning topic, I have regretfully


AGNES THOMAS AS HESTER FAIRFIELD

to admit to myself that nobody seems to want them. *A Bill of Divorcement* is a tragedy that would have had to be written sooner or later, and it is here presented in a form as nearly perfect as it well could be. JINGLE

STANLEY LATHBURY AS DR. ALLOT

FEWLASS LLEWELLYN AS THE REV. CHRISTOPHER PUMPHREY

Our Peace-Time Air Force

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G O. BEUTTLER

CARRYING OUT EXPERIMENTS WITH WIRELESS CONTROLLED MOTOR CRAFT

"Who has watched the Seine boat races"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"TENUE DE SPORT"

MES AMIS—

ONE has said that because there is such a development in the popularity of the sport that at the end of no more than ten years France will be more of the sports country than is England. *Mais voilà* that France has already gone to ahead of England in the matter of the dress for the sport.

I DO confess that it has not been until this week that I have myself appreciated how serious are able to be *les Français* when they have made the decision to take up *le sport*. It has been a *monsieur* who has watched the Seine boat races from the Pont Solferino who has revealed to my eyes the discovery. It must be asked of you to remember that at this point of the Seine the range of the vision is limited to two hundred metres by the consequence of the bridges—the Pont Royal at the one side and the Pont de la Concorde at the other.

YET not only has the *monsieur* on the Pont Solferino taken with him his field-glasses, but he has also worn the breeches and the leggings. It is, of course, easily to be explained. All the things of the sport are the copies from the *mode anglaise*. When the gentleman has seen the pictures of some English with the field-glasses he has with the great care noted that they have worn the breeches and the leggings. And so he has thought it is the correct thing for to do.

IT has been a little shock to realise that the imitation of the English fashions have been made to a so extraordinary extent, but on all the sides are there the evidences of the influence. There is to be found a most typical instance but a few hundred metres from the Pont Solferino—on the Esplanade des Invalides. Here by the station of Les Invalides is a big stretch of the concrete which is perfect for the roller-skates, and on the Sundays and the fête days there are always numbers of the youths to do the skating and the rink hockey. *Bien entendu* there is never a real match of the rink hockey. There is only a haphazard sort of the game in which the same player does score the goals through both the *buts* without to feel the least inconsistency. Yet the *hockeymen* wear the jerseys and the football knickers, the turned-down stockings and the woollen caps as if they were the internationals. *La tenue, c'est l'essential.* Without *les affaires* correct, the sport would not be the sport to the eyes of the new race of the French *sportingmen*.

"La tenue, c'est l'essential"

ALL the Sundays there are the football games by the youths on the spare corners in and out of the city, and though the standard of the play may not be compared with that on the commons in England, the brilliance of the jerseys and the stockings are the superior of the best-class English teams. *Bleu de ciel* is the favourite colour of the *maillot*, matched by the most vivid crimson for the *bas*. And the *fishingmen* along the Seine, who would faint of surprise if they took the tiniest *poisson* from those empty waters, are dressed with as much professional thoroughness as the more fortunate fishermen of the *Tamise*.

IT is only the ladies who *jouer au golf* who have defied the rule of the dress for the sport. It is that they are unable to accept the unbeautifulness of the dress of the English *golfingwoman*. They have found that they play better—in the opinions of the partners—in the most *chic* of *tailleurs*. So is it possible to find as much display of the fashion at the golf as at Auteuil or Longchamps. The only concession that the French *golfingwomen* will make to the game is to leave at the club-house the hat.

I COME now to expect that, with such rage for the costume *juste* for all the occupations, there will be selected a dress for the most exciting of the sports of France—

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

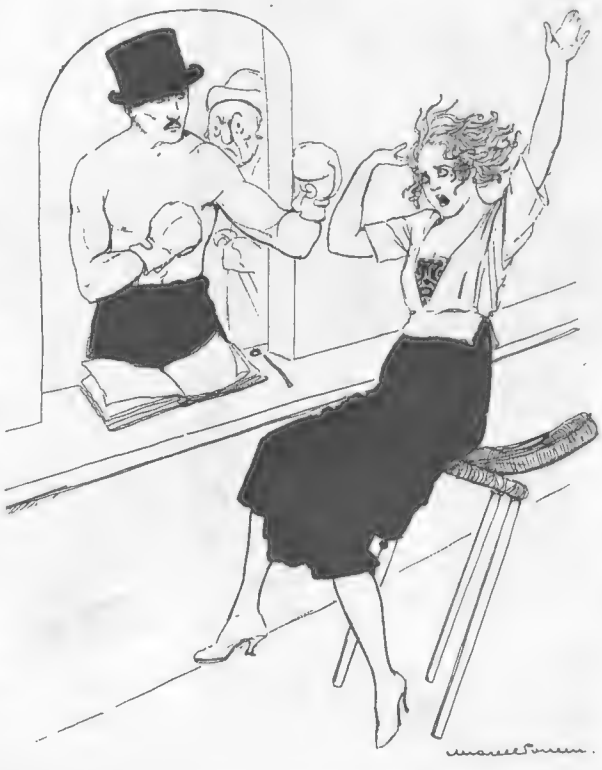
"He has sent his wife to the Mairie"

that is, the payment of the taxes. There is the real need. Not only does this occupation have the most of the excitement, but it has also the utmost of the difficulty. Therefore, is it suitable that the *acteur principal* should be equipped with all the armour that one may find in the outfits for *le sport*. One will have to make a study of the most profound in order to discover which is the best of the costumes of the sport to permit a citizen to jump over the obstacles which are in the way of the payment of the taxes.

YOU, who in England would be so glad to be able to avoid the collector of the taxes, may find it not easy to imagine how difficult it is for a patriotic taxpayer to accomplish to satisfy his conscience by the payment. There is one *monsieur* who has achieved to make the payment who has received a note of thanks from the *percepteur*. The *percepteur* has well known that the *monsieur* has deserved it. All the world has the desire to receive such a letter of thanks. It has the most of popularity among the decorations. But there are many of the candidates who have lost their chance at the first obstacle. They have been unable to procure the forms on which to make the declarations *sur les revenus*. It is not all the ones who have known where has been the place to make the application. And if one has not known for oneself there is not anyone in France who can give the directions.

THERE is known to me a *monsieur* who has obtained a form for the declaration at the first time of search. But that is because he has sent his wife to the Mairie of the *quartier*, and at the Mairie they have given the form because they have not thought that a wife could want it seriously. If it had been a *monsieur* who has had a serious look as if he would be determined to pay the *impôts sur les revenus* he never would have been able to get to the *guichet* of the *demoiselle* who has had the forms. And if he had she would just have gone home. He would have had to fight his way past a porter at the outside door, a porter at the bottom of the *escalier*, another porter at the top of the *escalier*, a fourth porter at the entrance to the corridor and an army of porters scattered the whole way along the corridors. And when he had outwitted all the porters he would have to begin a contest with the *huissiers* who have the charge of the inquiry forms to fill up.

WHEN he had proved that it was not a *carte de lait* of which he was in need, nor a desire to pay for the services of the *pompiers* when he has had his chimney on fire, he would have been informed that the place for the *impôts* forms is the floor above and he ought to know better than to waste the time of the officials like that. So he would have to begin the struggle again, with another battalion of porters to be defeated. It is clear that the handicap is of the most unequal. That is why I have felt that it will be necessary to have a special costume for the combat.



"The costume of Carpentier would be best"

AS it is an affair of the obstacles it might be thought that the light and airy dress of the runner or the jumper would be the most successful. But though that might win the affection of the *demoiselle* who has the forms, the greater difficulty is to arrive to her. For that I think the costume of Carpentier would be the best. A pair of the gloves of *boxe* is the best thing to make response to the obstructions of the porters. And after one had strewn the staircase and the corridors with the bodies of the outknocked *huissiers*, one could take off the gloves with a flourish before the admiring gaze of the *demoiselle*, who would say, "*Monsieur*, you are a *brave homme*, I will give you *two* forms."

ROLAND

Winston in the Holy Land

OPENING OF THE SPORTS CLUB

Mrs. Churchill, among other engagements, opened the Jerusalem Sports Club. She is here seen at the inaugural ceremony with Governor Storrs, of Jerusalem, and Lady Samuel

Photographs *American Colony, Jerusalem*

THE RECEPTION AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

The group includes Lady Samuel, Emir Abdullah, head of the Arabs in Transjordania, Sir Herbert Samuel, High Commissioner for Palestine, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mrs. Winston Churchill. Inset shows Mr. Churchill greeting the Emir Abdullah. He evidently approves of the Emir's taste in head-gear

THE SECRET

By A. A. THOMSON

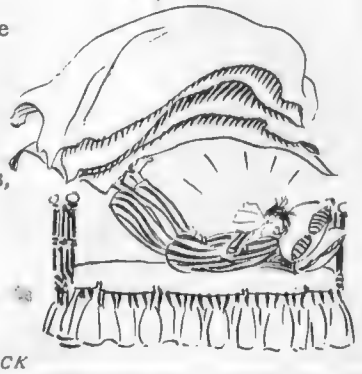
(A famous doctor asserts that frequent sneezing is the secret of health and happiness.)

THOUGH bills (like art) are elongated,
And cash (like life) is always short;
Though rate-collectors, never sated,
Pursue me to the County Court;
Though "exes" irk, and taxes squeeze—
What care I if I still may sneeze?

SUMMER its yearly watch is keeping
And uncle keeps my watch for me;
The skies (likewise the twins) are weeping;
Rain falls; so does my salary.
In leafy June my bath-taps freeze—
What care I if I still may sneeze?

NO lurking germ of influenza
Neglects to seek and find me out;
No hour goes by but I commence a
Fresh dose of quinzies, croup or gout;
I've writer's cramps and housemaid's knees—
But what of that? I still may sneeze.

THOUGH nations join in martial issue
And Kingdoms totter at their base,
I greet life with one long "ah-tishoo!"
And still preserve a smiling face.
Though blood-stained banners flap the breeze,
And Bolsheviks may swarm like bees
And Mitchell uses five-foot tees
And governments are on their knees,
And Hobbs is bowled for twos and threes,
And undertakers raise their fees,
And mushrooms grow on apple-trees—
What care I for such things as these?
. . . I simply sneeze and sneeze and sneeze.



HOWARD K ELCOCK 21

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Picking It To Pieces

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Some people seem bent on trying to take the Union away from the Union Jack

A Lovely Piece of London

IN "LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK"

Photograph] MISS VIOLET LORAINE *[Foulsham and Banfield*

In one of the charming gowns she assumes in "London, Paris, and New York," at the Pavilion. The termination of this piece, which, we trust, will be in the very far future, unfortunately marks the close of Miss Loraine's theatrical career, as after her marriage to Mr. Edward Joicey, she intends to leave the stage

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *April* 25

DEAR COUSIN—

SUNSHINE and snow, thunder and rainbows—plenty of ups and downs we've been having now that April's nearly over here in England now. And not only in the weather line, either. Though that in itself has been almost strange and marvellous enough for most of us, for those of us who've noticed it, anyway.

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THOUGH what a lot of people there are really in this little world of ours, aren't there, when you come to think of it, who never seem to see what's happening in the *real* part of it—except to put up their umbrellas if it rains, or don overcoats and furs when there's a nip in the air, or pull out their summer things and have the car open when the sun's in a genial mood and the temp. suitable for the display of parasols and summer suitings ?

"A letter from 'Blanchette'"

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DON'T appear to be thrilled, I mean, they don't, by the miracle of Nature's rebirth half so much as by the latest news in the evening paper, and are much more interested in the lunch, dinner, dance, theatre, or business engagements of the day than in any of the (less expensive) joys that are being arranged for them daily, free of charge, by authorities whom no strike or financial or commercial crisis can cause to swerve a hair's breadth from their appointed way. Such joys, for instance, as these end-of-April mornings, of which one poet has written :

> There never flew across the violet hills
> A morn so like a dove with jewelled eyes,
> With soft wings fluttering like the sound of rills,
> And gentle breast of rose and azure dyes.

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FRIGHTFULLY important, of course, all these strikes and political crises and things. But I sometimes do think if all the people who are mixed up in 'em—politicians, owners, employés, and the rest—could only be made to take a week or so's holiday, all of them, and come to live for a while where there are no meetings, no newspapers, no black coats, or stuffy streets, only grass and trees and flowers and peace and leisure, to realise their own littleness and the greatness of the great big wonderful world that goes on just the same (as Mr. Raymond Hitchcock used to say) whether they're there or not. . . . Well, we might save our million a week on Defence Forces and fourteen-million-ton losses in coal every time. But, of course, that's only just a Beautiful Dream.

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ALL the same, it *has* been rather a tragic and futile juggle of tactics, hasn't it, all this strike negotiation business of the last week or two ? Such a lot of talk, such a lot of intriguing, and all the rest of it, and all the time millions and millions being lost to the country, which was in quite a bad enough way already, not to say almost at its last gasp, or so the experts on economics and things tell me.

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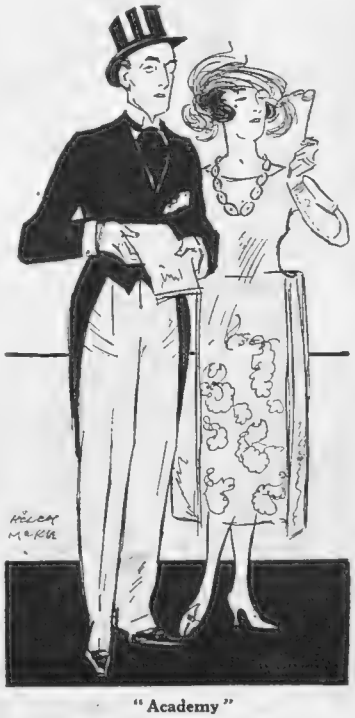
SEEMS we've been positively outrunning the constable, as they say, for years and *years* past, and suffering from the complaint—which sounds rather a nice one at first sight, I must say—of having too much money about. But according to the aforesaid experts, what's happened is this. 'Cos of the war and all the frightful sums it cost us, we had to go on issuing more and more paper money, and meanwhile we were producing less and less of the goods we ought to have been trading with. Result—we've been running on our rims, so to speak. And then on top of it all comes this strike business, with its stoppage of the wheels that weren't anyway running any too smoothly even before.



"Academy"

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WHY not co-operate, that's what I want to know ? I mean, why shouldn't owners and employés, in mines and everything else, fix up some working agreement by which the workers should get a share in the profits, and in return

work as hard as they can instead of keeping on trying to raise wages and cut down hours? Believe they would, you know, if only they had their proper share of interest in their job. And as even Mr. Lloyd George has admitted, some of the coal-owners' rates of pay were "quite indefensible," and there are, I b'lieve, two sides to every question, this one included, what?

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But, spite of the afore-mentioned hails and blizzards and other inconveniences, summer is really now at hand, unless the calendar grossly deceives us. Among the attendant signs whereof is the opening of the Academy, heralded by this week's banquet, with the Prince of Wales as chief guest, and the private view which is always the rallying point for them that would properly, and in their newest and most becoming frocks and hats, inaugurate the very first event of the summer season. For which, by the way, I hear—in spite of all the contemptuous railings of the younger school—over twelve thousand pictures were sent in, though only some couple of thousand could hope to find a place upon the sacred walls of the official H.Q. of art.

"The 'whisper waltz'"

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Bit crowded for me, I must confess, these R.A. shows—with pictures, I mean, not to mention the other kind of crowd at the Private View. Much prefer, myself, a nice quiet little exhibition like the modern French painters' one at the Independent Gallery, where every picture gets hung on the line and you can have a clear and uninterrupted view of the exhibits, which is made possible, I may add, in spite of the smallness of the rooms, by there being only twenty-six of them instead of two thousand.

"Polo . . ."

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Must say I found them immensely interesting, even if it isn't quite possible for the mere lay observer to appreciate all the subtle qualities which I'm sure they possess. The two Matisses, for instance, seem to embody the very idea of lightness and sunshine, especially "Les Deux Raies," with its striking effect of dazzling shore and cliffs. Lotiron's "Rivière au Printemps" is full of wonderful colouring, green, red, blue and yellow, and there are two strange and impersonal landscapes, too, by Frélaut, full of rich dark greens, which are the very antithesis of the Academic in their opulent smudginess, but all the same give one quite furiously to think—which is the last thing the really Academic picture ever does, isn't it, whatever its suitability for reproduction in oleograph form.

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Courts, by the way—the Season really is upon us—start next week, though still (according to War *régime*) without veils, feathers or trains. And cricket is due to begin, and the polo season is starting at Ranelagh and Hurlingham and Roehampton. And the lilac's out, and dance engagements begin to flock ever thicker and faster, even at private parties where they still steadily fox-trot, one-two-three, one-two-three, and such exotic products as the "shimmy" or the "whisper waltz" would be frowned on heavily if any one were daring enough to give an exhibition of either.

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And the Lord Chancellor himself has had to lend a hand in the overwhelming work of the Divorce Courts, such a record crowd is there of petitioners for "a decree nasty, with custody of the servants," as they put it in *London, Paris, and New York* at the Pavilion, where Nelson Keys nightly performs perfect marvels of impersonation, whether as a Hun or an American lover or Beau Brummell or whatnot.

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And the cuckoo has really authentically been heard, and our U.S. visitors are simply pouring in, and someone's just invented a lip-print system for registering kisses. Spring has certainly and undoubtedly arrived, however strikers *or* politicians may ignore it.

With love, yours (as they say at the Pav.) till closing time, Blanchette

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Drink

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in the Continental Way

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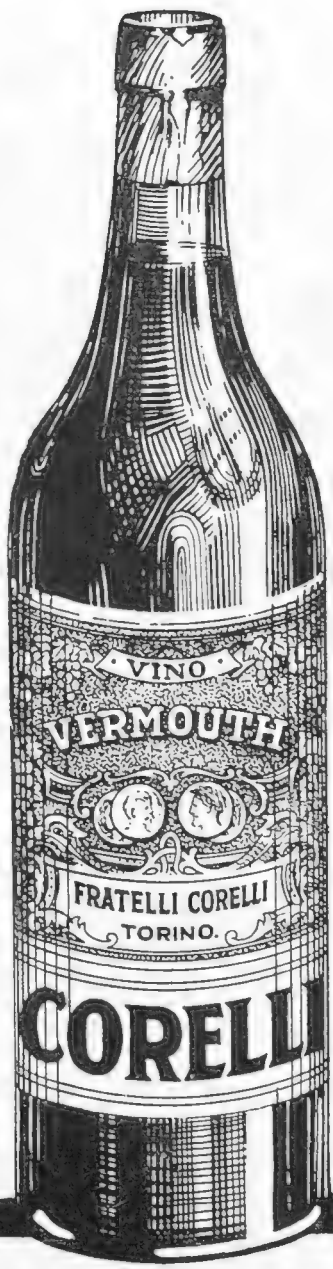
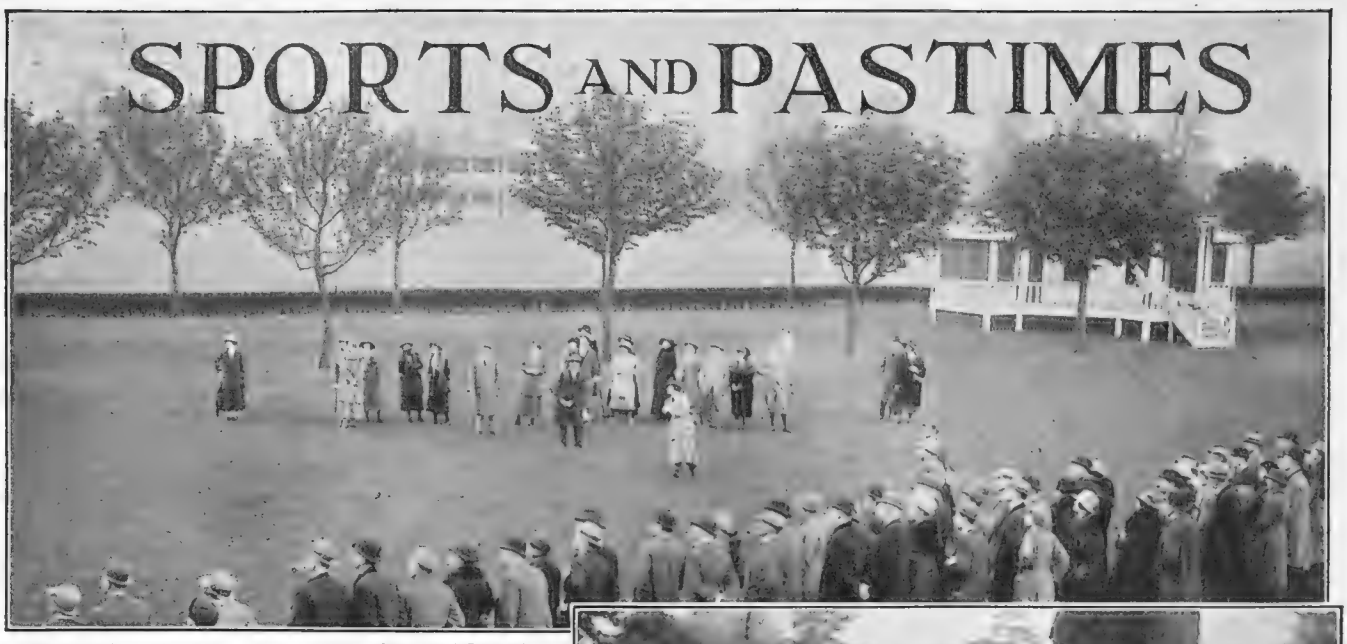


SPORTS AND PASTIMES



Photograph *Sport and General*

INTERNATIONAL GOLF AT RANELAGH

Some wonderful scores were recorded at this meeting last week. The lowest for a single round was that of Miss Joan Stocker, 69, whilst Miss Cecil Leitch, with 72 and 70, had the lowest aggregate for the two days. Our illustration shows Miss Stirling, the American champion, playing to the 6th green

LAWN TENNIS

Davis Cup Preparations

THE Selection Committee of the Lawn Tennis Association have been at some pains lately to rebut the charge that they are not doing enough in the way of encouraging rising talent. Incidentally, it may be remarked that it is not easy to encourage rising talent that shows no particular propensity to rise. However, I happen to know that the Selection Committee have been getting the leading handicappers to assist them in compiling a list of the twenty-five or thirty best players in the Kingdom, and another list of the younger players who may be regarded as promising. And as a result of these investigations they have already decided upon a series of trial matches, in which some of the youngsters, as well as some of the older men, will be given a chance of showing what they can do. This, I take it, is being done with an eye to the future rather than the present, for there seems little likelihood of any of the younger men being in the running for this year's Davis Cup team. Anyone who might offer to bet that the youngest man on the side will be over thirty could hardly be accused of rashness.

Photograph] **THE ENGLISH TEAM** *[Sport and General*

Who won the International Competition at Ranelagh with the record aggregate of 580, which is two strokes better than the previous record of 1914. Standing (left to right): Miss J. Winn, Miss Mollie Griffiths, Mrs. Temple Dobell, Miss E. Leitch, Mrs. McNair. Seated: Miss J. Wethered, Miss Cecil Leitch, and Miss Joan Stocker

Photograph] **DAUGHTER OF AN EX-CHAMPION** *[L. N. A.*

Miss Sterry, daughter of Mrs. Alfred Sterry, five times winner of the Ladies' Championship at Wimbledon, playing in the juvenile singles at Roehampton last week. She has inherited much of her mother's aptitude for the game

ATHLETICS

The Public Schools' Sports

NEVER has the presence of the Prince of Wales at a sporting event been more thoroughly appreciated than it was by the boys who were competing last Wednesday in the Public Schools' Championships at Stamford Bridge, where the Prince was an interested and discriminating onlooker. The beauty of these sports, to my mind, is that they do not make solely for the glorification of the individual, for under a carefully devised system of scoring there is a schools' challenge

cup which goes to the school which scores the highest number of points in the nine principal events. This coveted trophy was won (as it was last year) by Shrewsbury with 38 points, Eton being second with 21½, and St. Paul's third—not bad going for a London school—with 18. In E. P. Hewetson, who won the mile, of which he was the holder, and was second in the long jump, Shrewsbury possesses an athlete of fine physique, who will be heard of again; whilst R. R. Woods, also of Shrewsbury, showed fine sprinting powers in the hundred, which he won against a stiffish breeze in 10 4-5secs. Other outstanding performances were the one-mile walk of S. H. Bailey (Old Merchant Taylors) in 8min. 16 1-5sec.; the long jump of J. M. Cunningham (Eton), who did 19ft. 7¾in.; the quarter mile of E. H. Fryer (Wellingborough), whose 54secs. was a very good time, having regard to the conditions, and the stylish hurdling of E. H. Ford, of Lancing.

Photograph *Sport and General*

BELLOWS TO MEND AFTER THE MILE

In the Public Schools' Athletic Championships. The race was won fairly easily by E. P. Hewetson of Shrewsbury, the holder; but, as will be gathered from this picture, there was a desperate struggle for the second and third places

Photograph *L.N.A.*

J. M. CUNNINGHAM (Eton)

Who won the long jump with a leap of 19 ft. 7¾ ins. As will be seen he jumps in a somewhat unusual, but by no means ungraceful, style

RACKETS

Read's "Stunt" Shot

I HEAR that in the course of one of his matches in the professional handicap at Queen's Club last week Read, the Queen's Club "pro.," made a shot which positively scandalised some of the older devotees of the game. He got the ball up by slamming it *backwards* against the back wall, whence it bounced direct on to the front wall, and was, therefore, a good return. It was just a "stunt" shot which he knew that he could make at that particular moment in safety, and one which neither he nor anyone else is ever likely to be foolish enough to exploit. And yet I am told that there were some who were heard to declare that it is a shot which reveals possibilities too horrible to contemplate, that it will bring about the ultimate ruination of the game, and more to the same effect. They remind me of the people who said that lawn tennis would be ruined by the player who can make the ball screw back over the net. As a matter of fact, Read's shot, if the necessity ever arose, could be simply and expeditiously barred by legislation.

H. S. S.

Photograph **PUBLIC SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE FINISH OF THE HUNDRED YARDS** *Topical Press*

The winner R. R. Woods (Shrewsbury) is seen on the extreme right. Sixty schools were represented at these sports, which the Prince of Wales honoured with his presence at Stamford Bridge on Wednesday last. The Public Schools' Challenge Cup was carried off by Shrewsbury, who won it last year. Eton were second and St. Paul's third

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

"WILLIE" AND "WALLIE"

The Griggs brothers are a deservedly popular pair. When Willie is not riding winners for Sir R. B. Jardine he steers brother Wallie's good things; the latter has in a very short time established himself in the front rank at Newmarket, and has, among many useful horses in his stable, the much-talked-about Derby candidate "Monarch"

Just One Day

It was not without a considerable amount of pummelling in the Press that permission was wrested from the Government to run the classic races this week. I am sure that sanction would never have been obtained except for some of the papers positively goading the authorities into action. You know my views on the subject. A fortnight ago I was practically alone among sporting writers in complaining of the alacrity with which the Government stops racing on the slightest provocation. The authorities learnt the trick in the War, and, apparently, delight in practising it. While there was a danger of the transport and railway workers coming out one could understand the policy of suspending all racing, but that peril was averted when the Triple Alliance came unstuck on April 15. In these circumstances there never ought to have been any doubt about Newmarket, and I am inclined to think that the Stewards of the Jockey Club adopted too much of a milk-and-water attitude. They should have made a request for the whole fixture.

The Two Thousand

However, these recriminations will serve no good purpose, and, in any case, the subject has been pretty well ventilated in the papers. So here goes in an endeavour to spot the winner of the Guineas. The Two Thousand strikes me as being very open. We are all in a fog as to the present form of the three-year-olds. Among the Newmarket lot we have Monarch, Alan Breck, and Polemarch. The first-named has been very much out of favour lately. He has not been going at all attractively in his gallops, but Walter Griggs has spared no efforts to get him fit for the Guineas, and on that account we are bound to respect his chance. It has certainly been ominous to see Monarch drift out in the Derby market. One day last week he was quoted at 20 to 1, whereas in the winter he was joint favourite with Leighton. The Newmarket critics won't have him now at any price, but in the past their judgment has often been at fault.

Humorist May Score

The provincial trainers, if they can surmount the difficulty of getting their horses to Newmarket, will have some formidable competitors for the Guineas. At Manton they do not seem to be so sweet upon Craig an Eran as they were a few weeks ago. Lord Astor's colt has been travelling badly in the Derby market lately, and his stable companion, Lemonora, is preferred to him at the moment. Granely may be a first-class colt; we cannot tell much from his one public outing. I fancy Charles Morton holds the key to the situation in **Humorist**, said to be a much-improved colt. I make him my selection, taking Alan Breck as likely to prove the best of the others.

The Fillies

We shall have at least one glorious day's racing with the Two Thousand and the One Thousand on the same afternoon. Scarcely will the colts have been unsaddled than we shall have the fillies on view in the paddock. I can tell you of one who I know has made splendid progress lately, and will take a good deal of beating. I refer to Romana, who has delighted all who have seen her this month on Newmarket Heath. In her trial with Volcanic and others recently she went in grand style. Romana ran but once as a two-year-old, and I was greatly charmed with her at the time. She is a beautiful grey of fine size and liberty, and she gallops like machinery. I shall be disappointed if she does not prove herself to be a good one.

A Likely Winner

We are sure to see the Manton stable well represented in the One Thousand. Lord Astor's Pompadour is unbeaten, and will have a big following, while her stable companion, Love in Idleness, is a wonderfully game bit of stuff. Besides Romana there is another smart grey filly at Newmarket in Lord Durham's Barrulet, and the fact that she has developed in the right way was denoted by the manner in which she won her trial last week. This race is proverbially a dangerous one to meddle with, and has afforded more surprises than any other event of corresponding importance. This time I do not hesitate to choose **Romana** as the likely winner.

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

RECENT events have turned men's minds to what they are pleased to call revolution. What would happen in England, for instance, were we to follow the lead of what was once Holy Russia? If a general strike came——. The prophets have been busy on this matter for years. Mr. J. D. Beresford is the latest recruit to their ranks, and his *Revolution* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a vivid picture of what might happen in one of our villages were the extremists to obtain the upper hand. The book is remarkably interesting, but its ending is weak, and seems not to belong. As is to be expected from so finished an artist, all the characters are richly alive. Young Paul Leaming, not yet, it is thought, "quite right" after shell-shock, with modern views, his blustering father, who believes in last-ditching, Lord Fynemore, the big man of the neighbourhood, and Jem Oliver, the young revolutionary who does not hesitate to shoot in cold blood—you can see that none of them has been painted in with the smallest exaggeration. Undoubtedly these are just the people who would "run things" according to their different lights, were a general strike to paralyse the country. It is only that last rather mystical chapter, when the Revolution is over, that fails to convince. And yet, perhaps, Mr. Beresford is right. Can one say "Then and in that way the Revolution ended"? the histories are by no means unanimous. In any case Mr. Beresford's book is something new, inasmuch as it deals with no more than a single small village.

AN ENGAGEMENT

Miss Marjory Aston-Ramm, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Aston-Ramm, of Ashlands, Watford, whose engagement to Mr. Leslie Gwilt has just been announced

❋ ❋

IT is curious how true to type some stories keep. It would seem as though nobody ever wanted anything new. Take a story like Mr. W. H. Williamson's *The Sight of Means* (Bale: 6*s.* net). Here are a dozen old friends doing the same old heroic or villainous things. Captain Nikkie and his wife, a couple of unpleasant gamblers, get hold of a girl who they know to be an heiress. A Baroness friend succeeds in getting the girl's innocent lover sent to prison. The girl is forced more or less into a marriage with the Nikkies' son, and learns the truth when her father unexpectedly turns up alive. The prisoner is released, and the Nikkie boy conveniently shot. Exciting, I suppose, to some people, but surely unnecessary? R. S.

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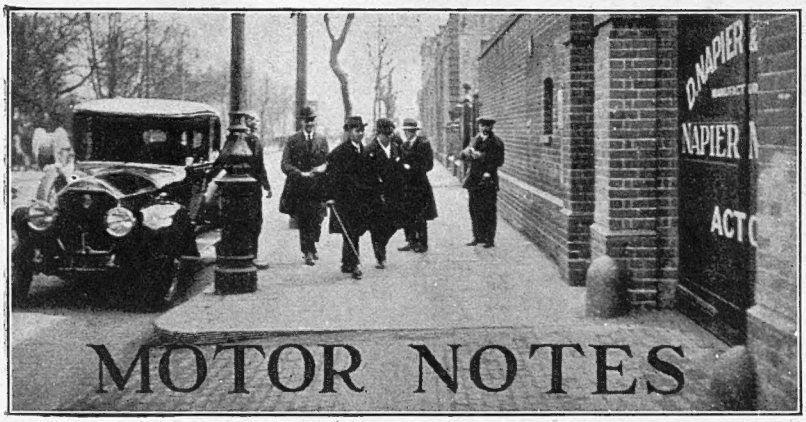

MOTOR NOTES

H.S.H. MAJOR PRINCE PRIDI OF SIAM

Who is in England for the purpose of gathering information to assist Siam in the formation of an Air Force, visiting the Napier factory at Acton, where the famous 450 h.p. Lion aero-engine is manufactured

How I managed to find time to write these notes surprises me just as much as the collapse of the threatened strike of railway and transport workers must have astonished the Prime Minister. In the first place the special police reserve, the R.A.C., and the A.A. all wanted the services of my car and self at one and the same time, and what with signing on here and there, filling in forms, taking gold hats to rendez-vous, and waiting in a couple of perishing blizzards around Regent's Park till I could not feel anything I touched—which wasn't much, by the way—I wonder I am alive to tell the tale. But as a small car-owner myself I don't mind whispering the fact that I wish I could afford a bigger one. Not that I have any complaints to make of the lesser-powered motor-cars, but there are advantages quite equal to their cost, if not greater than the difference of price and expense between big and small cars.

* * *

Perhaps I felt the difference more because a friend of mine lent me his 25 h.p. Talbot for a week just previously to all the fuss and bother of preparations to meet possible needs. Also, there has been, I fancy, just a bit too much "guff" on small cars lately, forgetting all about the merits of the bigger ones. That is probably due to money shortage, but, 'pon my word, it does not alter facts, and there is no getting away from the comforts of the big bus. Not that the 25 h.p. Talbot is such an enormous monster, but you are doing thirty-five miles an hour when a smaller car would have only accelerated up to twenty, and the rough roads are considerably more smoothed down by the larger vehicle.

* * *

Still, when you consider the entire load you can carry, the extra comfort you give your passengers, the time saved driving easily without pushing the engine at all, and the comparative difference in price, I am not at all sure that the small car is the most economical. Of course, it is difficult to compare unlike things, but as the small car costs about £600 and the 25 h.p. Talbot £1,215, what I am sure about is that you do get more than double the comfort for the extra money you expend. The joy on the road driving a big engine needs no words of mine to convince the man at the wheel. I repeat that statement from the passenger point of view also, the charm of apparently sliding through space smoothly without fatigue is their actual sensation in the 25 h.p. Talbot, added to the cosiness of protection from the weather in the enclosed coachwork the chassis carries with the nonchalance of an elephant for a fly that happens to alight on its back.

* * *

And so it is for other big cars, as I don't pretend that these virtues are the sole property of any

(*Continued on page 236*)

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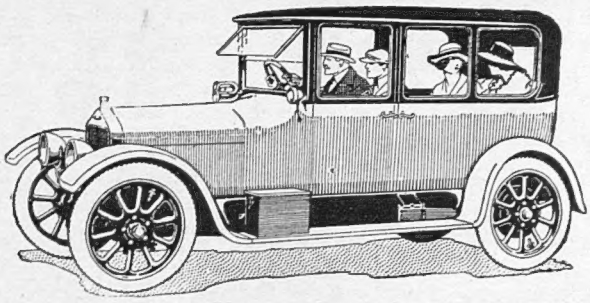

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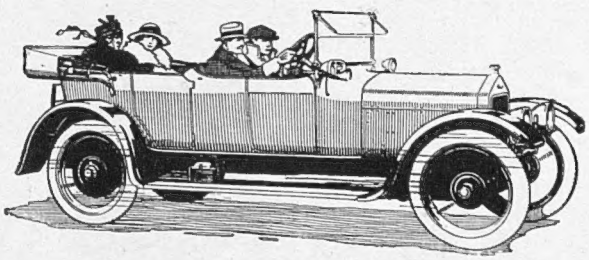

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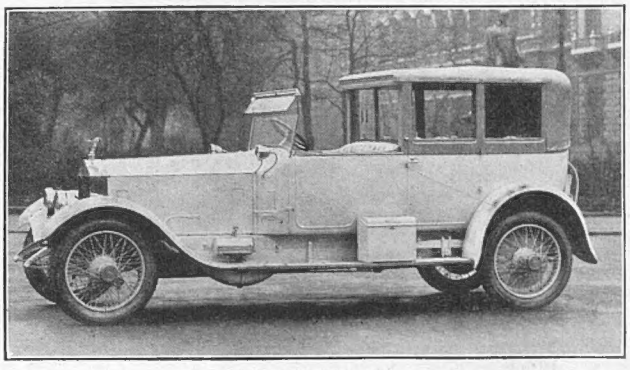
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

one particular make, so that the refinements in flattening the hills, the quietness in running due to the large amount of reserve power always in hand, the longer wheel-base, and better springing are the factors that give the better value for the cost incurred for the purchase of the larger cars generally. One seldom realises how fast one is travelling on a big car, which is always apparent when the speed is forty miles an hour or over on a small one, however good it may be, and when it comes to a real hustle—getting from one place to another as quickly as one can with many miles to cover—well, give me the Talbot, or others of its power and abilities every time.

* * *

THE lady-driver has been more in evidence during the past fortnight, going back to her old job of chauffeur because of so many of the boys having to go into camp again. Nowadays Diana has transformed herself into Jehu, and is equally expert at his job, whether driving in town or country, at speed or touring, which is as much due to the ease of control of the modern motor-carriage as to her own adaptability. I am wondering whether she is going to take as kindly to the motor-caravan life, which is at present getting more booming than I think it deserves. Of course, if it is to develop into that kind of picnic where the party is waited upon by an army of—well, stewards, I dare not say flunkeys—such as the Motor Caravan Club offers their members if they care not to cater for themselves, it may appeal to them in very hot and sunshiny weather. But even in our best summer months, days, and 'specially nights, are more often dull than balmy.



THE SUPER-CAR

A 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce cabriolet, with silver-grey hood and ivory and silver fittings, which was recently exhibited at the Motor Exhibition at Delhi

* * *

HONESTLY, I think young married folk with children, all of whom are strong and healthy, can take a longer holiday more cheaply in a caravan tour than any other way, and can enjoy themselves if they don't mind the labour. But as for being a holiday for the female portion of the party with cooking, catering, and all the other household cares to carry on with restricted conveniences—well, just ask a few ladies of your acquaintance, and you will get the straight tip of what sort of holiday they call it. It is splendid fun for a day or two, but they get properly "fed up" in a couple of months' gypsying on the road.

* * *

I WONDER what my friends who use Rolls-Royce fast touring cars will say now our popular Prince of Wales has taken to an Hispano-Suiza? Not that our "Teddy" has discarded his Rolls, for I met him driving it himself quite recently, but what I am wondering is: will he continue to do so after he has received the Hispano from Barkers when they have finished the coachwork they are fashioning on it? Walter Dewis must be a proud man to-day to have sold the chassis to the First Motorist of Europe, and Lionel Rapson is simply bursting with pride—on account of this Hispano being fitted with the Rapson unpuncturable tyres, especially as the Prince has already done 10,000 miles on these tyres on the Rolls with due satisfaction and no trouble but one leaking valve. OLD HY.

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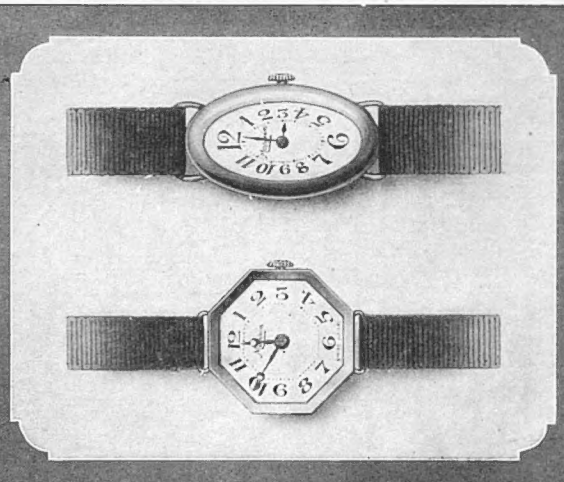

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